CHIRON TO ACHILLES;

A

POEM.

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CHIRON to *ACHILLES.*

OLd Chiron to his Pupil thus began,
When he beheld him rip'ning into Man.

Accomplish'd Youth! well worthy of my Pains,
You now are free, and guide your self the Reins:
Yet hear, *Achilles*, hear, before we part,
A few short Precepts from a faithful Heart.

What tho' the Gods a *Neſtor*'s Age deny?
Let *Management* a longer Life ſupply,
And learn, at leaſt, to *live*, before you die.
A little Tract well till'd, more Profit yields
Than Realms of wild, uncultivated Fields.
'Tis not from Length of Years our Pleaſures flow;
Nor to the Gods alone our Bliſs we owe;
Our Happineſs, and Pain depend on us:
Man's his own good, or evil *Genius*.
Great Ills by *Art* we lighten, or remove,
And *Art* our meaneſt Pleaſures may improve:
Much to our ſelves is due, tho' much to *Jove*.

Think not, young Prince, your elevated State,
Birth, Honours, or the empty Name of *Great*,
Can fix your Joys; they're ill ſecur'd, unleſs
You know your ſelf, to form your Happineſs,
Which in the Shepherd's humble Hut is found,
While Palaces with Diſcord ſtill reſound.

Fortune

Fortune to Induſtry is ever kind,
And, tho' by the blind Vulgar painted blind.
Is ſtill more equal than the Croud ſuppoſe,
Who judge of Happineſs by outward Shows;
She ſmiles on all Conditions, each may be
A Man of Pleaſure in his own Degree,

Yet few with Art their Happineſs purſue,
Tho' all Mankind have Happineſs in view,
And ev'ry Senſe ſeems made by *Nature*'s Skill
For giving Pleaſure, and avoiding Ill.
Nature, our common Mother, has been kind,
And for a Race of Joy her Sons deſign'd,
Who long to reach the Goal, yet, lazy, lag behind,
Or wholly blind, or doubtful how t'advance,
They leave the Work of Induſtry to Chance.
And of thoſe few who with more active Strife
Purſue this great, important End of Life,
Some, too impatient, know not how to wait;
Or aim at Things beyond their Humane State;

These last thro' too much Delicacy fall,
And by refining rob themselves of all.

Shun then, *Achilles*, shun the Faults of such,
Who still propose too little or too much.
Stretch not your Hopes too far, nor yet despair;
But above all, of *Indolence* beware.
Attend to what you do, or Life will seem
But a meer Vision, or fantastick Dream,
Pass'd in Ideas of Delight, at best,
While real Pleasure's lost in doubtful Rest.
In short, learn when, and how to bear; in vain
He Pleasure seeks, who is afraid of Pain;
Pleasure's a serious Thing, and cheaply bought
By Labour, Patience, Management, and Thought.

But you, aspiring Youth, by Nature seem
Addicted to an opposite Extreme,
Impetuous, and restless, soon inflam'd,
And, like a gen'rous Courser, hardly tam'd;

In all Things violent: but, O! diſdain,
Brave Prince, to let uſurping Paſſion reign,
In one raſh Moment ſacrificing more
Than Years of ſad Repentance may reſtore.

As *Thracian* Winds the *Euxine* Sea moleſt,
So Wrath and Envy, from a Humane Breaſt
Drive *Halcyon* Peace, and baniſh kindly Reſt.
And no Security for Joy is found,
But in a Mind that's tractable, and ſound.

Suppreſs the firſt Emotions of your Ire,
And ſmother in its Birth the kindling Fire.
Ere Anger yet poſſeſſes all your Soul,
Ere yet your Boſom heaves, and Eyeballs roll,
Think on the uſeful Precepts, I have taught,
And meet the riſing Heat with wholſome Thought.

Or ſeek the ſacred *Muſes* with your Lyre,
Who with ſweet Peace to lonely Shades retire,

Gods, and the Sons of Gods, the Heroes, ſing,
While Hills and Vallies with their Praiſes ring,
Theſe learn to imitate, and Thoſe adore,
And ſweetly to your Self, your Self reſtore;
Muſic, and Verſe, and Solitude controul
Impetuous Fury, and compoſe the Soul.

For this, I early taught you how to ſing,
And form'd your Fingers to the trembling String;
For 'tis not all ſweet Pleaſure's Paths to ſhow,
The Arts of Conſolation Man ſhould know:
Our Joys are ſhort, and broken; and in vain
To conſtant Bliſs would Humane Race attain;
Be oft contented to be free from Pain.

There is a Deity, ordain'd by Fate
To damp our Joys immoderately great,
That none on Earth from Sorrow ſhould be free,
But ev'n our Bleſſings taſte of Miſery.

If Fortune gives, what rarely we obtain,
An equal Share of Pleaſure, and of Pain,
Our Portion is o'erpaid, the reſt you'll find
But fond Ideas of the wanton Mind,
Which now vain Scenes of Godlike Pleaſure ſhows,
And now creates imaginary Woes.

When ſad, your Ills examine, and compare,
Judge of your own by what another's are.
Conſider greater Wretches, and the Fates
Of mighty Heroes, and of mighty States;
Thus real Evils in their proper Light
Appear, the falſe thus vaniſh out of Sight.

Nor aim at Pleaſures difficult to gain,
Chooſe rather ſuch you may with Eaſe obtain.
Who ſcorns to trifle, is by Pride abus'd:
I pity him, who ne'er can be amus'd,
But, ſlighting Pleaſures moderate, and ſmall,
Muſt live in Rapture, or nor live at all.

Great Pleaſures ſtill are near ally'd to Pain:
Who quits the peaceful Shore, and ploughs the Main,
Big Waves, and mighty Tempeſts muſt ſuſtain.

Let not ſuch fond Ambition to be bleſt,
The humbler Pleaſures in your Power moleſt;
Yet cheriſh Hope; for without Hope there's none:
Taſte Hope; but be not fed with that alone.

Some their whole Lives in Expectation ſpend,
As Life were not begun, or ne'er wou'd end,
Fondly from Day to Day themſelves deceive,
Not *living*, but intending ſtill to *live*,
While they neglect the Joys they might poſſeſs,
For empty Dreams of future Happineſs.

Let *Nature* in your Pleaſures be your Guide,
Nor ſuffer *Art* her genuine Charms to hide:

Her Beauties with unweary'd Eyes we ſee;
The *Truth* of Beauty is *Simplicity*.

Live not by Imitation, ſervile State!
Nor on the Faſhion for your Pleaſures wait,
Man, otherwiſe ſo ſelfiſh, and ſo proud,
Submits his Taſte to the fantaſtick Croud,
And lives not for himſelf: do you purſue
Your own Deſires, and to your ſelf be true.

As Bees extract their Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r,
So you your Joys from all things in your Pow'r,
With Induſtry and Management produce:
The meaneſt Trifles are ſometimes of uſe.

Yet know well *what* you do, and *when* 'tis done,
Nor at all Hours to ev'ry Pleaſure run;
But mix with Art your Pleaſures, and your Toils;
For Pleaſures have their Seaſons, and their Foils.

Thus

Thus when the earlieſt Dawn of Eaſtern Light
Proclaims the finiſh'd Empire of the Night,
Haſte to the Field, *Achilles*, nor diſdain
To chace the foaming Monſter o'er the Plain,
Or teach the untam'd Steed to feel the Rein;
Or let your Car, and Arms your Nerves prepare,
Or for *Olympic* Games, or future War:
Then whether Arts, or Glory fire your Mind
With Thoughts more generous, or more refin'd,
Aurora to the *Muſes* ſtill is kind.

At Noon, a ſimple ſhort Repaſt be made;
A ſhorter Slumber in the cooling Shade:
What's gay and light, th' unbended Mind employ,
Or Sports, or paſt Delights, or future Joy.

But when the Ev'ning-Star begins to riſe,
When *Phœbus'* fainting Steeds forſake the Skies,
Still chearful at the well-ſpread Board be found,
Amidſt bright Friends, and with freſh Garlands crown'd,

While

While Wine, and *Thais* with her Voice and Lyre,
Baniſh old Sorrows, and new Joys inſpire.

Thus when from Toils of Empire you are free,
Nor Camp, nor Council claim your Liberty,
The Morn to *Labour* and the *Muſes* give;
At Noon with *Temperance* and *Quiet* live;
Ceres' and *Bacchus'* Gifts at Ev'ning prove;
Divide the Night with *Somnus*, and with *Love*.

Thus, thus, *Pelides*, drive your Cares away,
Nor feel the Evil, till the evil Day.
What tho' on *Simoïs*, or *Scamander's* Shore,
Far off from Home, the *Greeks* your Death deplore?
No matter where, or when; it once muſt be,
And nothing can revoke the firm Decree.
Tho' *Thetis'* Son, tho' third from mighty *Jove*,
Eternal Monarch of the Realms above,
Nor *Jove*, nor *Thetis*, can your Days recall,
Or for an Hour defer your deſtin'd Fall.

Mean

Mean while, a looſer Rein to Pleaſure give;
Time flies in haſte, be you in haſte to live:
Seize on the precious Minutes, as they fleet;
Your Life, however ſhort, will be compleat,
If at the fatal Moment you can ſay,
I've *liv'd*, and made the moſt of ev'ry Day!

One Precept more I fain wou'd recommend,
And then old *Chiron*'s tedious Leſſons end.

Learn, gen'rous Prince, what's little underſtood,
The Godlike Happineſs of doing good,
How glorious to defend, and to beſtow!
From nobler Springs can Humane Pleaſure flow?
A ſolid Good, which nothing can deſtroy,
The beſt Prerogative the Great enjoy.
For this, remember, Monarchs firſt were made,
For this, young Prince, be lov'd, and be obey'd,
At once your ſelf, and mighty Nations bleſs,
And make *Humanity* your Happineſs.

But now *Aurora* uſhers in the Day,
And fond, expecting *Peleus* chides your Stay.

Go then, brave Youth, where'er the Fates may call;
Live with Deſign, and fearleſs wait thy Fall.
Whatever Space of Life the Gods decree,
Thy Name is ſtill immortal; for I ſee
More than another *Peleus* riſe in thee.
Thy Fame the * Prince of ſacred Bards ſhall fire,
Thy Deeds the † Conqueſt of the World inſpire.

* Homer.

† By Alexander, *who had* Homer's Iliad *always with him, propoſing* Achilles *for his great Example.*

FINIS.

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Answer to

CHIRON.

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ACHILLES to *CHIRON.*

ACCEPT that Tribute which I juſtly owe,
Thoſe Thanks which from a grateful Nature flow;
For you Inſtruction give with ſo much Art,
As once informs the Soul, and wins the Heart;
Counſel ſo ſweet, and with ſuch Kindneſs wrought,
Muſt ſhame *ACHILLES*, ſhould he not be taught;
Virtue in pleaſing Lights you recommend,
The TUTOR loſe in dearer Name of FRIEND.
As Birds, at firſt, their Pinions fearful try,
And vainly, make Attempts before they fly:
So tho' into my Hands, the Reins you give,
Not skill'd like you, I trembling muſt receive;

And when advent'rous I to flight prepare,
I fear to flutter, and not mount in Air:
What Scenes of Bliſs now riſe before my View!
If I, what you have taught, with Care purſue?
Compos'd like me, with fiery Spirits form'd,
Quick, nay, impatient, in a Moment warm'd,
How difficult the Task? how great the Pain?
To curb the youthful Heat in ev'ry Vein,
And let cool Reaſon the Aſcendant gain.

THRICE happy thoſe who feel not ſuch Diſtreſs!
But happier ſtill who can their Rage ſuppreſs,
And turn to glorious Ends, thoſe Sparks of Fire,
Which right directed, worthy Deeds inſpire.

YOU urge, *Man makes his Pleaſure or his Pain,*
We oft indeed without a Cauſe complain,
Reſiſt the good which Heav'n for us deſigns,
Our Wiſhes ſtretch beyond their proper Lines;

But yet there is a Pain, too ſure, there's one!
Which neither ART, nor WISDOM teach to ſhun;
Can ART prevent the mighty Force of LOVE?
Can WISDOM, when we ſigh, the Pain remove?
Immortal LOVE deſerves the tendereſt Name,
O *CHIRON!* did you never feel that Flame!
Were you ſo wiſe? or was your Heart ſo froze?
Never to any FAIR to breathe your Vows?
Paſſion ſincere, bleſt with Return, alone
Is by the GODS peculiar Fav'rites known;
But Cares, Diſquiet, and diſappointed Love,
Is what the Race of Men are born to prove.
Think not my Heart with ev'ry Smile is caught,
Like ſoften'd Wax to new Impreſſions wrought,
Still changing, as the Objects glide away,
And charm'd with freſh Succeſſions ev'ry Day,
Thus idly buſy I ſhould bluſh to live,
Employment moſt diſgraceful to deceive.

MUSICK

MUSICK, a ſov'reign Remedy we find,
To lull the Paſſions, and compoſe the Mind;
Touch'd by harmonious Sounds we feel not Woe,
And tender Notes Enchantments ſweet beſtow,
But if indulg'd too far, the Spirits yield,
Time is too ſhort to be with Trifles fill'd.

To what is laudable I would preſs on,
What is my Duty can't too ſoon be done;
Each Day, if well employ'd, may happy prove,
In Scenes of *War*, of *Friendſhip*, and of *Love*,
Pleaſure's a ſerious Thing, a real good,
But ſeldom practis'd, rarely underſtood,
To temper Youth, and keep a ſteady Rein,
To taſte no Joy that can create a Pain,
Is Wiſdom which muſt be attain'd by Thought,
A Happineſs by due Reflexion taught;
Still let the well ſpread Board with Mirth be crown'd,
But no Diſorder, no Exceſſes found,

Nothin

Nothing that can give Pain, or leave Remorſe,
No Grief was ever cur'd by this Reſource.

IN Pleaſure, Temp'rance let me early learn,
Humble when proſp'rous, in Misfortune firm,
By Indolence, that Source of ſundry Ills,
Deluſion ſtrange, which on our Senſes ſteals!
Whoſe ſoft Attacks, inſenſibly are made,
Thus fondly ſooth'd, with Eaſe we are betray'd.

MY Heart, impatient, beats to ruſh on War,
And, with our Noble *GREEKS* the Danger ſhare,
To Hardſhips, nor to Toil, my Soul ſhould yield,
Nor ſhameful ſhun the Danger of the Field,
My great *Fore-fathers* ſet before my View,
And how they fought, my Actions ſhould renew.

BUT O forgive, if mov'd by youthful Zeal,
Tranſported by the Ardours that I feel,
I vainly ſpeak, more vainly promiſe ſtill,
What to perform, I want both Age and Skill.

THE

THE Scene of Action paſs'd, in Life's Decay,
Then calm *Philoſophy* ſhould bear the Sway,
Some peaceful Shade, ſome undiſturb'd Repoſe,
Is Life's extremeſt Good, when near the Cloſe;
No rapt'rous Joys, the Spirits then can bear,
'Tis Bliſs ſufficient to be free from Care,
To praiſe the GODS, and Nature's Works ſurvey,
Serene's the Ev'ning of a glorious Day!
If to complete the Scene, the GODS beſtow
All that a Man in Years can wiſh below;
A FRIEND that's chearful, faithful, and diſcreet,
He may be envy'd in his laſt Retreat:
Thus would I live, and when my Thread is ſpun,
Let it be ſaid, *He left no Work undone*:
Nothing that Heav'n into my Power gave
Sought to oppreſs, but ſtudy'd how to ſave;
Humanity I made my darling Aim,
Had *Peace* within, and left an honeſt *Fame*.

FINIS.